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Bard

= = = = =

**But there's a yellow jewel
rides my middle finger
tells me things**

**tells
people about me**

**whatever you wear
is a story someone reads**

and nobody knows more stories than a stone.

22 March 2013

= = = = =

**A lank of saffron ribbon
wraps around your waist,
enough to spare
to make a shapely knot—
that is the translation at last
of your Aztec name.**

22 March 2013

= = = = =

**Cast a spell on you such
that you come on a rainy day
and sit snug on a portico
between fluted columns**

**and look wise. The words
will remember you then,
you'll think you hear music
but then you always do,**

**piano hobbling through cold rain!
Moscheles concerto, your fingers
itch to play. Already
the water reaches to your feet.**

22 March 2013

= = = = =

Leftwing attitudes infest pop songs

because all song

lives in the body.

We carry it with us

wherever we grow,

short breath or long,

spring spiders of

winter shadows, sing

sang sung song.

And your head floats

half silent above all

this arrogant music.

22 March 2013

SOME PLAYS FOR MY MASTERS

1.

**Willingness before all
or the stream undammed**

**scared beavers frolic
rehousing in culverts**

**things are available
but are you but are you**

**and the glorious caravan
lurches through your lap**

**always wanting everything
and no hands to hold**

**forgive my grasp I work
like weather to be everywhere**

**all at once and you hear me
if you do with foreign ears.**

2.

**Sympathy abounding
or the raft overturn'd**

**we snuggle in eelgrass
hoping for better**

**a glass full of promises
and numbers yes numbers**

**are all you give me to drink
remember when we**

**six times the setting sun
appalling umber with ardor?**

3.

**Apostrophes misplaced
or who knows who's**

**Samoyede manners in March
great shivering pectorals**

abound around a mound

where Venus sate

kemming her glimm'ring fur

looping odd loose strands whereof

into a crystal goblet from

which every bard must drink

or in poltroon silence ever

after choke in peace.

22 March 2013

= = = =

The course of the car goes
noon whistle by
sturdy animate companion
dream—I taught her
Heitor Villa-Lobos
and she didn't care who saw us.
These are the ways music happens,
typically in Russia or Vienna,
my hat in my hand. *Please, miss,*
a kiss is what it all
adds up to long before the end.

23 March 2013

= = = = =

**Getting warm in the web
the virtual metabolism
like watching through the window
deer step down your snowy hillock**

**always depends. Reversion
to an earlier dialect the way ice
remembers water constantly,
each muscle longing for that free.**

23 March 2013

= = = = =

**There are so many things waiting to be wrapped inside a human body
and sent out like noisy children to rub through libraries silenced only
by the gaudy or grisly color plates in old encyclopedias you know the ones
i mean i know you studied them too while your lower body quivered
with all the revulsions of desire -- for what do children know of what moves
them?**

**Everything does and everything is important but nothing has meaning
or nothing has words so we spend our whole lives doing not much more
than making up thousands of more or less plausible sentences to express
what we felt in that one five-minute epiphany in the public library before
the mean old librarian came and drove us away remember when there were
mean people remember what it felt like to stumble down the stone steps
knowing the whole glorious tedious never-ending Task had finally begun.**

23 March 2013

= = = = =

**The certainties pursue us
the dreamworld that is science
where we are turned,
body and soul, into shadows
of what we think. But yield
into the uncontrived, the pure
experience, awareness of awareness,
real science of being here.**

23 Marc 2013

= = = = =

Dipping the longer, Eve,
the tongue-tied pen
you sketch the doorway
and stand through it.
You make the room
into which the doorway
pours, you made the sea
out the window and
yourself stretched out
on a long blue chair.

But I was there too
though uninvited, like
the steepled of an un-
distinguished church
in some old river town
that has nomore religion
only me watching you all
over again create the world.

23 March 2013

NO

**opportunity
to master time
enter you
instead.**

24.III.13 [dreamt]

= = = = =

**If I hadn't given
myself away to everyone
would I have had anything at all?**

24.III.13

= = = = =

**Like every other
a good day to stay home**

or any day is good to go.

**These are decisions
not in our hands
not in my hands.**

24 March 2013

= = = = =

**Take things out of context
so they know themselves again**

**On a desert island,
daylight and no music.**

24 March 2013

= = = = =

**There has to be more room in me
for such disclosures but who?
Most of the snow has been censored now
a few words still scattered under trees,
under eastern house walls, left
like the spill of one passionate illicit tryst.**

24 March 2013

= = = = =

**Pillowing sky
folds of grey and pearl**

**kind sea for inlanders—
everything reminds.**

24.III.2013

= = = = =

**I don't know where it starts or finishes
the lovely dreams our time zones are,
I can start my morning with
what you were thinking on the road to sleep.**

24 March 2013

= = = = =

Nothing song enough to say
a voice from a joining
always divides
the clock has its eye on us
lonely little girl jogging up the road
doesn't know she's lonely
only knows what earbuds tell her,
listen to me till you're nowhere
nowhere but the going.
I look up again, she's gone,
there already and I'm still here.

24 March 2013

= = = = =

Stars must be like stones

yearning to have wings

to move all by themselves alone

not just part of everything flows.

24 March 2013

= = = = =

**Toss me a rose because I know
but find it hard to remember precisely
the thing I am meant to know,
the thing the rose means me to remember.**

24 March 2013

= = = = =

Among necessities
white silk round the neck
a man in a grave
a crow on a lamppost

and some woman in between
reigning there
in the sorrow of plain air
glorious ordinary.

And all the striving
went into old music
we see her clearly
tears in her language

she does not actually speak.

24 March 2013

= = = = =

**I want to talk to you
but in my own language
not the English of explanation
but the American of I want
to get through into that place
in you where you and I
have always been talking
always together back to back
facing the night facing the sun
that loneliest of all the stars.
All the fumbled words
are stones and rubble thrown
aside as I try to make my way
to it, from far away I hear
always the rumble of that silence
where we wait for us there.**

24 March 2013